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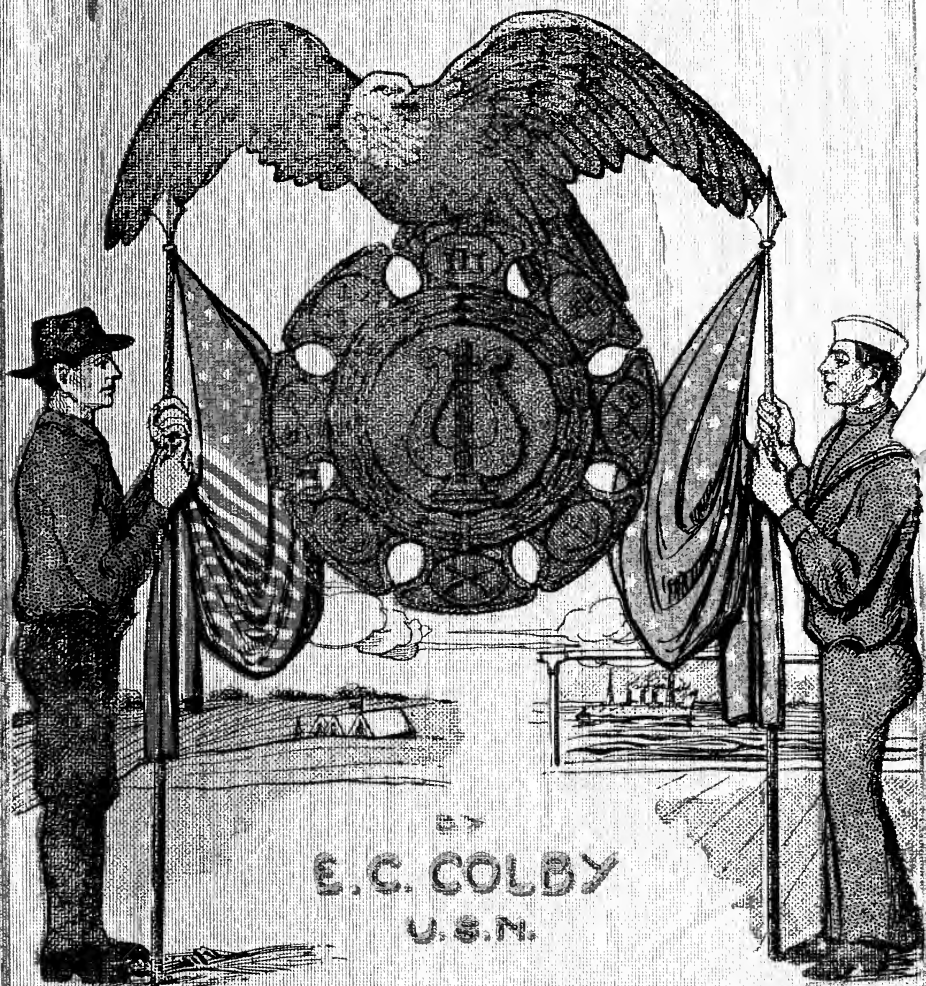
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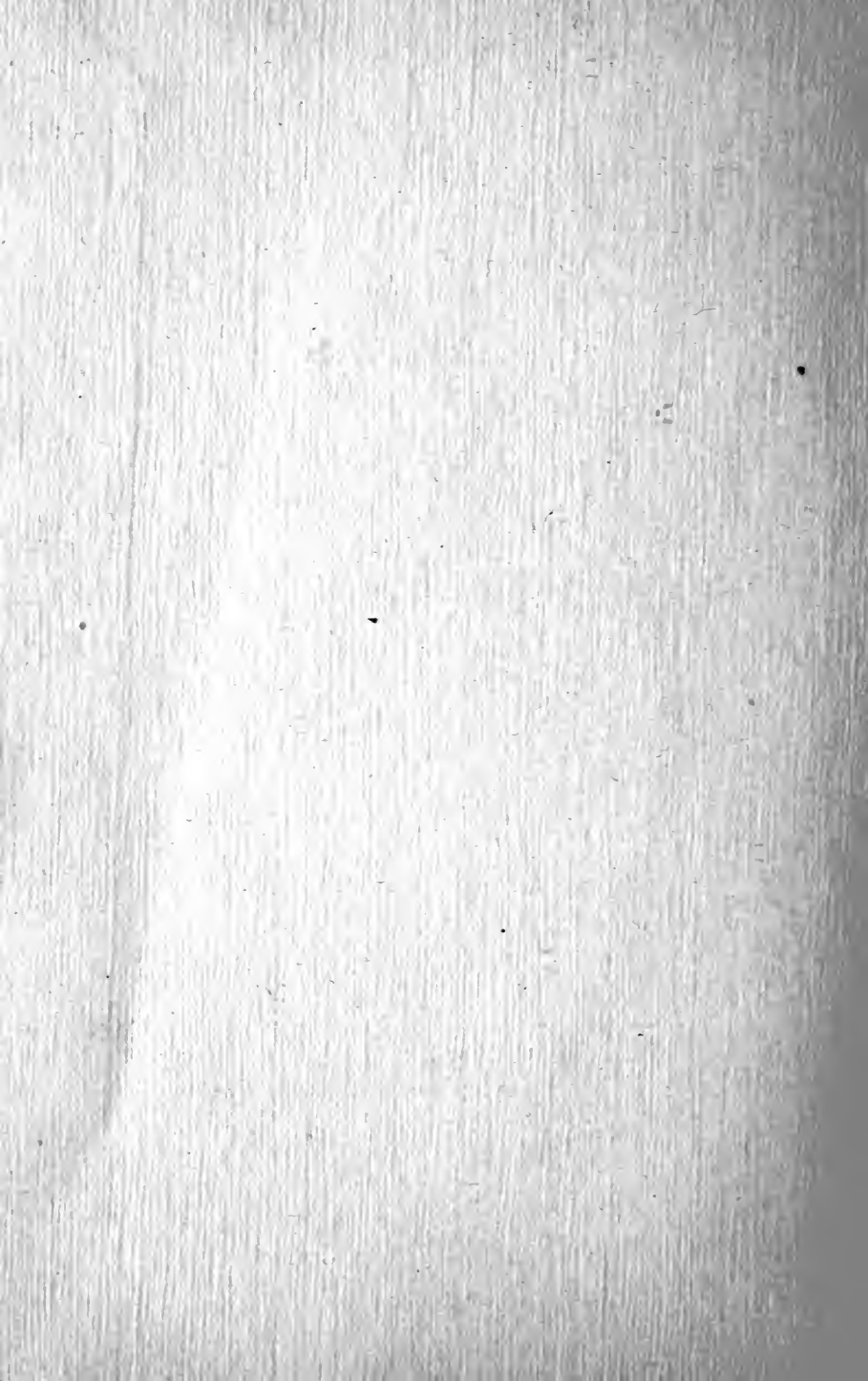
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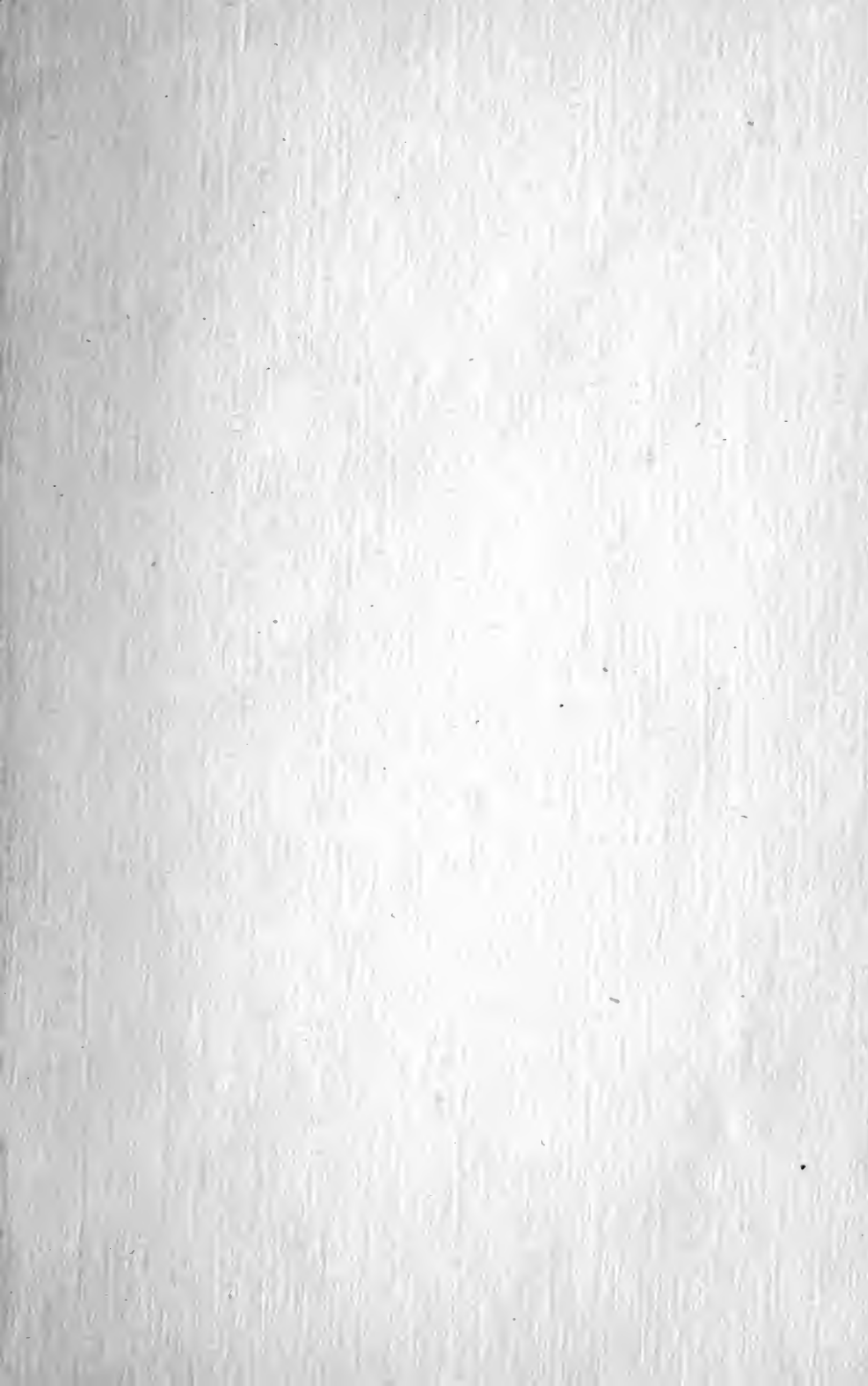
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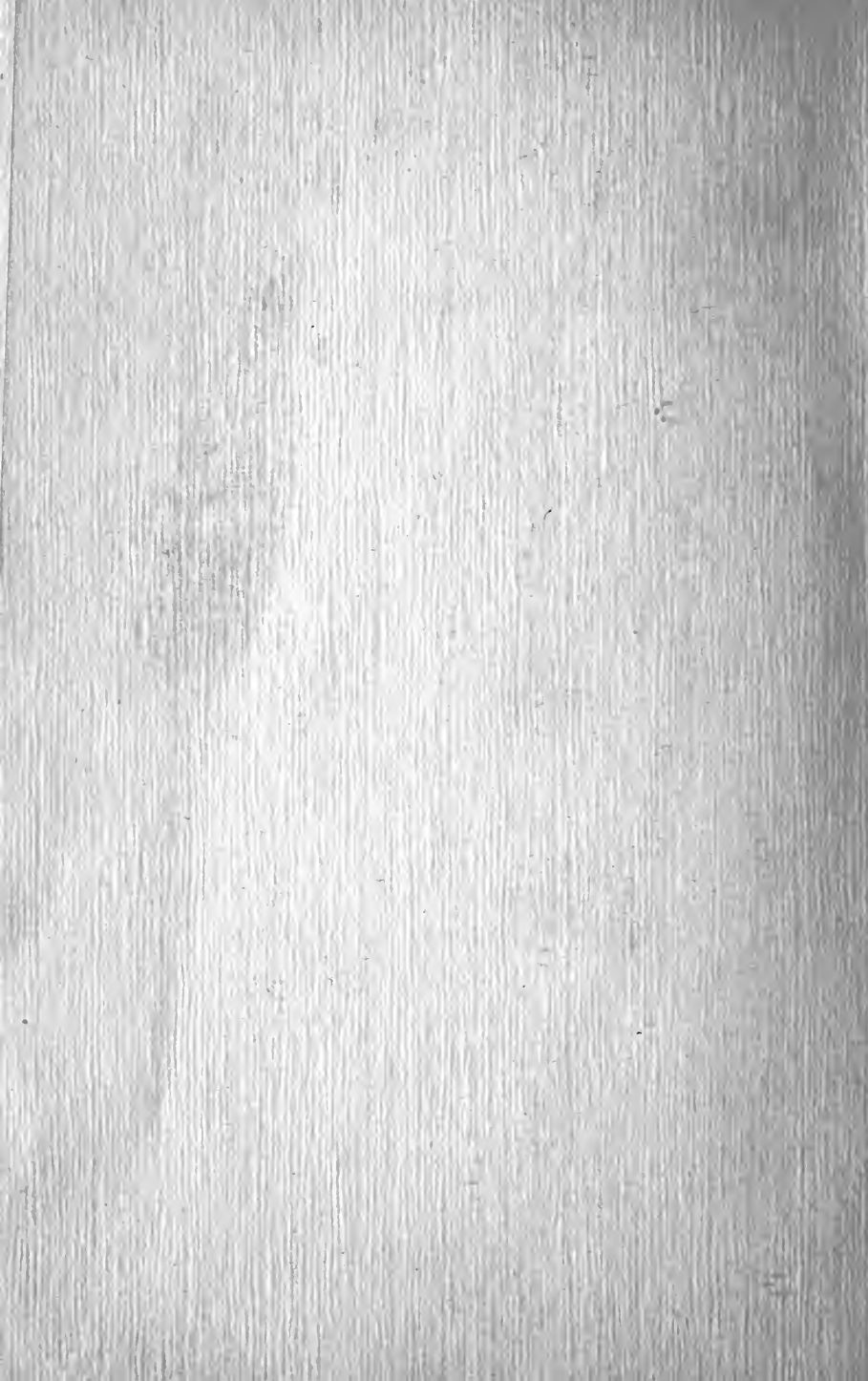
The Aversack AND DITTY BOX



BY
E. C. COLBY
U. S. N.







The Haversack
And
Ditty Box



BY
E. C. COLBY
MUSICIAN
1st Cl. U. S. N.

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PREFACE.

Though my friends of the service have for a long time urged me to publish my work, I have, for two reasons, forceful to me, hesitated to do so. To begin with, poetry (so-called) is a drug upon the market, and then I have been doubtful of the quality of mine. Of late, however, requests for copies of many of these verses in typewritten or other form have been so frequent from my comrades that I decided to risk their publication in this little volume, in the hope that they may prove a really worth while souvenir representative of both branches of the war service, and fulfil their function of awakening pleasant memories in the minds of both those now in the service and those who, through past service, are familiar with the heart throbs they voice. If these verses shall bear a message to the great American Public, affording it a better understanding of the "Leatherneck," the "Doughboy" and the "Gob," I shall consider my work well done.

I am not an educated man. I have not been "colleged." My "higher education" has been garnered in the two great government universities, the army and the navy, and their curricula have little to offer of rhyme, rhythm meter or style. My verse has been merely an amusement to me, a pastime when the hours dragged, and I have no doubt that it suffers from many technical flaws. How-

ever, one virtue I can honestly claim for it, I know the life of which I have written.

The contents of the "Haversack" was written during an enlistment in the 23rd U. S. Infantry, in which regiment I served from 1907 to 1910.

In the early part of 1911, I enlisted in the navy, and most of my time since then has been spent on board the U. S. S. *Nebraska*, to which ship I am at present attached. It was on board this ship that the verses comprising the "Ditty Box" were written.

Once more I beg to emphasize that this volume is published for the men about whom it is written, the personnel of the army and the navy, and if they are satisfied with it, I shall be content. Should it find its way to individual members of the general community as a souvenir from him, I trust that it will awaken a better understanding of the enlisted man, his humorous and his serious sides, rather than his faults.

E. C. COLBY,

Musician, First Class,

U. S. Navy.

Charleston, Mass.

DEDICATION.

Several months before the announcement of Mrs. Shephard's engagement, much newspaper discussion arose on the subject of "old maids" as the result of a sermon. To do the preacher justice, Miss Gould's name was not mentioned, but because of the treatment by the newspapers, the enlisted man took it as a personal affront to his beloved "Helen." The writer listened to a discussion of the subject between enlisted men in the Y. M. C. A. at Norfolk, Va. The sentiments therein expressed, he has tried to voice in these dedicatory verses. He hopes they adequately set forth the high esteem and the great love we enlisted men have for "Our Helen."

Helen, if e'er thy noble woman's heart
Be hurt by snake-tongued slander's subtle
sneers,
If cherished friends turn faithless and depart,
Poisoned by gossip's venom in their ears.

Turn to our humble ranks of drab and blue;
No silly lies our rough regard can taint:
Forever loyal, staunch and true,
Are we, Helen, to thee, our patron saint.

Though "yellow rags" their flaming head-
lines flaunt;
To would-be Solons lend their valued
space:
And in their blindness cast e'en as a taunt
Thy holy maidenhood into thy face,

A grander thing, think we, to live unwed;
To write the simple Miss thy name be-
fore,
Than in the title market trade instead,
And live thy country's mock on foreign
shore.

The "Leathernecks," the "Doughboys" and
the "Gobs,"
Of censure, sneers, and insults get full due.
This world is full of critics and of snobs;
God knows *our* friends are very, very few.

But many a pain-wracked wretch has blessed
thy name;
Many a mother owes her boy to thee.
Thy loving deeds of mercy live to shame
This freak reformer's asinine decree.

We love thee, Helen, even as thou art;
What others say or think we do not care.
Let not their sneers then hurt thy gentle
heart.
"God guard thee always," is our constant
prayer.

The Haversack

AN EASTERN ROMANCE.

O Hana San, of old Japan,
Small, and dainty and brown;
Shod in absurdities, made of wood,
Wrapped in a silken gown;
Cheeks, that were dimpled,
And flushed with health;
Teeth, that were small and white;
A fearful and wonderful pompadour,
And eyes, that were black and bright.

Private MacLane, of Portland, Maine,
Big, and burly and strong;
Clad in a uniform, spick and span,
Brimming with beer and song;
Cheeks, that were shaven, smooth and
tanned,
Hair that was crisp and gold;
A tongue, that was ready and loose, and
free,
And eyes, that were blue and bold.

O Hana San, of old Japan,
Noted the uniform spick and span;
Noted the hair that was crisp and gold;
Looked into eyes that were blue and bold;
Harked to a tongue that was loose and free;
And hastened to bring him some cakes and
tea.

Private MacLane, of Portland, Maine,
Looked at O Hana and looked again;
Grinned at the clogs on her tiny feet;
Made a remark which we won't repeat;
A soldier is hardly a moral saint,
And O Hana was primitive, feminine,
quaint.

O Hana San, of old Japan,
Watches, with swimming eyes,
The wallowing bulk of a transport, blend
With the blue of the eastern skies,
Sobing and shaking in helpless grief,
As only a woman can.
A reasonless, logicless thing is love—
Poor little O Hana San!

Private MacLane, of Portland, Maine,
Jaunty and debonair;
Watches the Orient fade from view,
With a noncommittal stare;
Humming a love song under his breath;
Smoking a cigarette:
For what in the world is a Geisha for
But to fondle, and then forget?

THE HOMECOMERS.

(With due credit to Kipling for the meter.)

*Squad of soldiers, off the "Sherman," back
from old "Manell";²
Tramping through the Chinese quarter;
drunk, and raising hell:
All the party, brown and hearty; gallant
sons of Mars;
Flushed, dishevelled, bawling insults to the
holy stars.*

Squad of "rookies," sailed from 'Frisco,
back in ninety-eight,
With dreams of future glory won beneath
the starry flag.
All the squad were seasick e're the transport
dropped the gate;
Crawled into their wretched bunks, lay
still, and ceased to brag.

Weakly cursed the government, the ocean,
and the heat;
Groaned with helpless misery, when offered
things to eat:

Wondered where the glory was; couldn't
sleep a wink;
Lay and prayed with ardor that the "some-
thing" ship would sink.

Squad of "*rookies*," safely landed, went out
on the "hike";⁴

Chasing insurrectos 'round beneath a blaz-
ing sun:

Burdened down with baggage, in a way they
didn't like,

With blanket-roll and haversack, with
cartridges, and gun;

Wailed about the burning sun; made their
faces peel;

Whined about their swollen feet, sore from
toe to heel;

Hated all the officers; "cussed" the sergeant
blind;

Thought a lot of things about the girls they
left behind.

Squad of "*rookies*," stumbled on an ambush,
by the way;

Were bullied into order e're they'd time
to take a breath;

Couldn't see the enemy, but heard the trumpet's bray;

Heard the Kraags and Remingtons gossiping of death:

Dodged in consternation, as the bullets whistled by;

Saw a comrade clutch his bosom, stagger, fall, and die;

Threw their ammunition to the scenery at large;

Blindly stumbled forward, when the trumpet shrieked the charge.

Time went on, and squad of "*rookies*" learned a thing or two:

Learned to "hike" and forage, and to sleep upon the ground.

Learned to like their officers; and learned to shoot; and slew

Their little colored brothers with a relish most profound:

Discovered that the sergeant was a rather decent kind;

Ceased to think so frequent of the girls they left behind;

Were hardened to the climate; no longer
were afraid;
In short, our little squad of "rookies" learned
their ugly trade.

*Squad of soldiers, off the "Sherman," back
from old "Manell,"
Tramping up Pacific Street, drunk, and rais-
ing hell:
All the party, brown and hearty; gallant sons
of Mars,
Flushed, dishevelled, bawling insults to the
holy stars.*

THE AFFAIR ON POST EIGHT.

Washington White, of the Infantry,
From down in the Everglades;
Six feet four in his government socks;
As black as the ace of spades;
A head, the size of a canteloupe,
Well covered with matted wool;
A chest and limbs of a Hercules;
A neck of a bison bull.

Ahamed Mohamed Jamining,
A Moro of Dapitan;
Pirate, outlaw, slayer of men,
Fearless of God or man;
Strutted about in a purple suit;
A turban of olive green;
Strapped to his hip, with an orange sash,
A *bolo*, long and keen.

A post of peril was number eight,
A score of yards from the coral gate:
The grass was heavy and rank and tall;
A charming place, for a man to crawl
Upon the sentinel posted there;

To gallantly murder him, unaware.
Twice it had hapened. The third relief,
With murmurs of horror, rage, and grief,
Discovered the sentinel, minus gun;
A sickening sight in the morning sun.
But he who died on the second night,
Was a personal friend of Private White.

Washington White, of the Infantry,
From down in the Everglades;
Six feet four in his government socks;
As black as the ace of spades;
Went to his Major, with streaming eyes;
Quaking with grief and hate:
And begged, as a personal favor, for
The post of number eight.

Ahmed Mohamed Jamining,
A Moro of Dapitan,
Pirate, outlaw, slayer of men,
Was a most delighted man.
As he whetted the blood from his bolo blade,
He laughed to himself, and threw
His glance, amused, to the wall, where
leaned
Two rifles, bright and new.

Pacing the perilous number eight,
A score of yards from the coral gate,
Walked Private White, with cautious tread,
And many a turn of his woolly head.
Heavy and high was the rustling grass,
Through which the sentinel had to pass.
Straight for his back with stealthy spring
Came Ahmed Mohamed Jamining.
A bolo gleamed in the pale starlight:
But a rustle had startled Private White.
He dodged, and the weapon missed his head;
And crashed on the lock of his Kraag
instead.

Washington White, of the Infantry,
From down in the Everglades;
Six feet four in his government socks;
As black as the ace of spades;
Leaped upon Jamining, slayer of men,
And hurled him upon his back;
And joyfully felt, in his terrible hug,
The bones of the Moro crack.

Ahmed Mohamed Jamining,
A Moro of Dapitan;
Pirate, outlaw, slayer of men;
Fearless of God or man;
No longer lurks, a menace,
In the land of Mindinao.
Washington White, of the Infantry,
Is wearing chevrons now.

THE VACANT BUNK.

There's a woman, in Jefferson City,
Who will blubber a little perhaps;
And they've just sold, at general auction,
A locker of pitiful traps:
There's a name, that is dropped from the
muster,
And a gap in the company's line;
There's a desolate bunk in the quarters—
The bunk that is next to mine.

No, he wasn't a beauty to look at;
He was freckled; redheaded; and fat;
He could swear, like the trooper of proverb,
And he'd fight, at the drop of a hat:
He would mop up the tuba and vino,
As a moralist, he didn't shine.
And tired? You'd generally find him
On the bunk that is next to mine.

He would gamble, in any old fashion;
Throw down his month's pay at a bet;
But he'd share me his chewing and whiskey;
Or give me his last cigarette.

Right or wrong, he would fight for "yours
truly";

And a "touch," he would never decline.
Yes, he would give me his shirt, and he slept
On the bunk that is next to mine.

Why, we came to the outfit together;
Been in it, some seventeen year;
Stuck, both through the ease and the hard-
ship;

For it isn't all "skittles and beer."
But we took what we got, and said nothing;
It's only the "rookies" that whine;
And he was a soldier, who slept
On the bunk that is next to mine.

I know that the boys are not heartless;
Of course, they can't feel as I do;
For you see, he was my "bunkie";
And a friend, who was faithful and true:
So my "chow" kinda sticks in my gullet;
When I go in the mess-hall to dine,
And my eyes fill with tears, when I look at
The bunk that is next to mine.

HENRY AMES, DESERTER.

Henry Ames (private) of Company B;
Togged out in civilians; a glaring array;
Departed his post, full of whiskey and glee,
With a ninety-days' furlough, and all his
back pay.

Henry Ames (private) of Company B;
With a thirst that was mighty, and joy in
his heart;
Set out for Chicago, resolving that he
Would playfully pull the old village apart.

Now, "Alias Something" and "John Doe,
et al,"
Two plausible parties, met Ames, city-
bound;
Rechristened his "Partner," "Buddie," and
"Pal";
And graciously offered to show him
around.

Henry Ames (private) of Company B;
Arrived in the town, with his newly-made
friends;
And ardently went on a glorious spree:
'Tis just about here that his narrative ends.

A something was found in the filthy canal;
With nothing to show whose the carcass
might be:
Ask "Alias Something" and "John Doe, et
al,"
The fate of a private in Company B.

Henry Ames never returned to his post;
So how could they tell that he wasn't
to blame?
The Adjutant waited ten days at the most;
Then scribbled, "Deserter," just after his
name.

THE SQUAW MAN.

A certain youth, from a certain town,
In a certain southern state;
With a certain "outfit" went to camp,
In Eighteen Ninety-Eight.

And on a certain day, with certain
Fuss, was marched upon
A certain army transport,
For the Island of Luzon.

A certain youth, from a certain town,
In a certain southern state;
Had left, with certain promises,
A certain girl to wait.

And certain kisses were exchanged;
And certain blessings shed,
By a certain aged couple, on
A certain youngster's head.

This youth had certain ideals,
Of a no uncertain kind;
And a certain code of morals,
That was clear, and well defined:

In which, the item, temperance,
Was firmly fixed in place;
Along with truth, and honor,
And a certain pride of race.

Now different nations look at life
From different points of view;
And I perhaps might hold as right
What might be wrong to you:

And men are apt to change their minds,
Religion, sentiment;
Besides, it takes all kinds of men
To make a regiment.

This certain youth, from a certain town,
In a certain southern state;
Was taught war's black curriculum,
Of fire, blood, and hate;

He learned his lessons rather well,
As time went on apace;
Till certain ideals that he held
Were jolted out of place.

The item temperance was first
To tumble to disgrace;

Then truth, and honor followed it,
And lastly, pride of race:

For where the vino's in the blood,
And native women kind,
A man is likely to forget
The girl he left behind.

At length his time expired,
But he thought he'd stay awhile
And "stick around the Islands"
Till he'd gathered up a pile.

Now he's living with his better half
(She's not exactly black)
And four mesteza children,
In a buggy, nipa shack.

A certain girl, in a certain town,
In a certain southern state;
Has waited for a certain youth
Since Eighteen Ninety-Eight:

And in a certain church yard,
Where they lay the dead away,
A certain aged couple
Now await the Judgment Day.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN MALABAN.

Moro music, 'cross the river,
Weird, outlandish, makes ye shiver!
Hear 'em yowl, like moonstruck hounds;
Dancing to them awful sounds.
Any one of them 'ere gents
Would cut yer throat fer fifty cents.

'Cross a sea of blue and gold,
Glares a sunset, whose fold on fold
Of gorgeous clouds in every hue,
Black, and gold, and blood, and blue,
Is shot throughout with brilliant mist,
Of ruby, pearl, and amethyst.

High up, 'gainst the flaming sky,
Clouds of great black vampires fly:
See 'em flap their awkward wings;
Useless, ugly, nasty things;
Seeming in the sunset's spell,
Like demons flitting forth from hell.

Oh, to see the lamplight's glow,
Bright and ruddy 'cross the snow;
Hear the cheery sleighbells ring;
Feel the north wind nip and sting!
Just to think, it's Christmas Day!
Damn this country, anyway!

DRILL.

“Come! Stand to attention! Aw, turn out
yer toes.

Look straight out before ye. Don’t squint
down yer nose.

Say, pull in that belly, and throw out yer
chest;

And hold yer head up. Take yer chin off
yer breast!

Now don’t smash the butt of that piece
through the floor.

All right, *Order! Arms!* — One! Two!
Three! Four!

“Say, ye mutt, that’s a rifle, it isn’t a hoe!

Bring it down like ye meant it, don’t be so
damn slow.

Put it back on yer shoulder! The left one
ye dub!

Some people ye sure have to teach with a
club.

Well, come on, get busy, we’ll try it once
more.

Now, then, *Order! Arms!* — One! Two!
Three! Four!

“Why, ye camel-backed, mule-eared, sheep-headed baboon!

You’ll do this thing right, if you stay here till noon.

D’ye think that a feller has nothin’ to do But to waste his whole day on a jackass like you?

Put that piece on yer shoulder! The same as before!

Try again, *Order! Arms!—One! Two! Three! Four!*

“Well, I’ve drilled every kind of bone-headed ass

But, Bo, you sure are the head of your class.

The doctor who passed you sure had his gall.

Why, man, ain’t ye got any savvy at all?

Ditch that scowl! ’Twon’t do ye no good to get sore!

Now, with me, *Order! Arms!—One! Two! Three! Four!*

“The limit! Doggon my young sister’s
black cat!

I’ve seen a trained poodle do better than
that!

Have ye nothin’ but thumbs on them slum
hooks, ye boob?

Say, honest, you are the worst kind of a
rube.

You’re an out and out idiot, right to the
core!

Come again, *Order! Arms!—One! Two!*
Three! Four!

“ ‘S no use wastin’ time, so we might as well
stop.

Go down to the basement and get ye a
mop!

A pail of hot water! Some government
soap!

I’ll make ye do something ye sculpin’ eyed
dope!

Put that piece in the rack! Now face
towards the door!

Straight ahead! *Forward! March!—One!*
Two! Three! Four!

The Ditty Box

THE MEN OF THE WATERS.

If you live in a maritime city,
Where the sea is right at your door,
You will know that the men of my ditty
Are not always angels ashore;
The men in the loose blue blouses,
Wide trousers laced tight to the hips,
The men who go down to the waters,
Who go down to the sea in ships.

When they'd emptied their coin from their
purses,
And were not very sure on their feet,
You have heard them bawl blasphemous
curses,
In the midst of a crowd in the street;
So you've judged them, alas, so have others,
From the grizzled-haired seasoned old
salts,
To the youngsters fresh strayed from their
mothers,
By what you have seen — of their faults.

But, too, you have noticed their faces,
If you will be honest and think,
In all kinds of public places,
Unflushed by the fever of drink:
And, one of your servants offending,
Don't blame the entire crew;
Be just, when your judgment is pending,
And give to each devil his due.

They have made the world honor Old Glory,
Wherever 'twas flung to the breeze;
On history's page is the story
Of what they have done on the seas.
They have died in their blood at the gun-
ports,
With a laugh or a cheer on their lips:
These men who go down to the waters —
Who go down to the sea in ships.

When over-sea potentates glower,
And rumors are stinging the ear,
When the menacing battle clouds lower,
And men whisper tidings of fear,
Protection of home and of loved ones,
To whom look you anxiously for?
The men who go down to the waters,
The crews of your men-o'-war.

THE SAILOR AND THE SEÑORITA.

Thomas Q. Sackett, Yankee Bluejacket,
New Englander, lank and lean,
Had an amiable grin, some original sin,
And eyes of a dappled green.
His radiant tresses were frankly red;
His freckles extremely large;
And his personal wealth some inherited
stealth,
And his hopes of a good discharge.

Flora Lenora Bonita Elstora
Was Spanish from head to toes;
With a dazzling smile, some innocent guile,
And cheeks that were tinged with rose:
Beautiful, graceful, and convent bred;
Romantic, to marked degree;
While her personal wealth was magnificent
health,
Her charms, and a pedigree.

How Flora 'scaped her chaperon
Is neither here nor there:
But Sackett found her on the beach,
Abandoned to despair:
And Thomas did not hesitate
The lady to address;
So, in his Sunday Spanish, asked
The cause of her distress.

Now Flora's dad had pledged her to
An antiquated Don,
With the wealth and worldly honors
Spanish fathers dote upon:
His pedigree was lengthy;
He'd a million or about;
But also sixty-seven years,
The asthma, and the gout.

They were alone. The moon was full.
Young blood is never cool.
A man-o'-war's a man-o'-war,
And not a Sunday School:
And Flora's lips were sweetly curved;
Her cheeks were tinged with rose;
So T. Q. Sackett kissed the lady
Right beneath the nose.

The poor girl never had been kissed
By any man before;
True sympathy is always sweet,
And Flora wanted more;
And Sackett had a furlough,
A pocket full of gold;
Next morning, Don Elstora missed
His ewe lamb from the fold.

Thomas Q. Sackett, Yankee Bluejacket,
New Englander, lank and lean,
Has a worshiping spouse, in a little white
house,
Which she rules like a beautiful queen;
And an heir apparent, whose wants are
known,
By the size and degree of fuss;
And the populace nigh are wondering why
She picked such a homely cuss.

Flora Lenora Bonita Elstora
Is Mrs. Q. Sackett now;
She is proud of her name, and expresses no
shame,
That her husband follows the plough.
Happily rocking her babe to sleep,
She coos like a mothering dove;
For Flora has found, though in calico
gowned,
What women are made for—love.

“PAID OFF!”

*I've packed my bag and hammock,
And I'm standing by for pay;
Reported to the deck and gave 'em warn-
ing* '7*

*Good-bye to regulations,
For my time is up today;
I go ashore at one o'clock,
And go ashore to stay;
And there's nothing going to stop me,
When I once get under way,
For I start for Indiana in the morning.*

Four years ago, I started out to see the world
or bust;
I've seen enough to satisfy a healthy wanderlust:
For what the rest is like, to moving pictures
I can trust,
So I start for Indiana in the morning.

I've seen the channel rollers break upon the
English coast;
I've tasted of the beef and ale, of which the
Britons boast;
But, just the same, I like the kind that
mother makes the most,
So I start for Indiana in the morning.

I've watched the pigeons circling 'round St.
Peter's dome;
And rubbernecked behind a guide through
streets of ancient Rome;
It looked just like the pictures in a book we
have at home,
So I start for Indiana in the morning.

I had a week in Paris, when the ships put
into Brest;
I saw their famous beauties, in their famous
fashions dressed;
But, just the same, I rather like our Hoosier
maidens best,
So I start for Indiana in the morning.

I've looked at mystic Venice, mutely magic
'neath the moon;
With fleets of comic opera craft upon her
dim lagoon;
And listened to mosquitoes, big as horses,
softly croon,
So I start for Indiana in the morning.

I've got a lot of gadgets, souvenirs in wood
and bone,

The only kind of moss that gathers on a
rolling stone;

Yet, you have to see the others to appreciate
your own,

So I start for Indiana in the morning.

I've packed my bag and hammock,

And I'm standing by for pay;

Reported to the deck and gave 'em warning.

Good-bye to regulations,

For my time is up today;

I go ashore at one o'clock,

And go ashore to stay;

And there's nothing going to stop me,

When I once get under way,

For I start for Indiana in the morning.

VIA MOTHER GOOSE.

The "old man" slipped us a "seventy-two,"
Till Tuesday from Saturday noon.
HI! DIDDLE, DIDDLE, THE CAT
AND THE FIDDLE,
THE COW JUMPED OVER THE
MOON.

So I rummaged the frigate from stem to stern,
On a hunt for a ten-dollar loan.
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, SHE
WENT TO THE CUPBOARD,
TO GET HER POOR DOG A
BONE.

But all the ship's company needed their coin,
And I feared I would miss the fun.
AND WHEN SHE GOT THERE,
THE CUPBOARD WAS
BARE,
AND SO HER POOR DOG GOT
NONE.

But my matey is right with a midshipmite,
So my matey he makes a try.
HE PUT IN HIS THUMB AND
PULLED OUT A PLUM,
AND CRIED, WHAT A GOOD
BOY AM I.

And when he shoved fifty right under my
nose,
I though I was going to swoon.
THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED TO
SEE SUCH SPORT,
AND THE DISH RAN AWAY
WITH THE SPOON.

Reported ourselves from our seventy-two
For dinner on Thursday noon.
A DILLER, A DOLLAR, A TEN O'-
CLOCK SCHOLAR,
WHAT MAKES YOU COME SO
SOON?

And now we're repenting in durance vile,
On a diet of "cake and wine."¹⁰
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE
BE FORGOT
IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG
SYNE?

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

The "old man" flags the orders,
And the "skipper" puts 'em through;
"First luffs" and "navigators" ¹¹
"Draw a lot of water," too.
But the real responsibility,
When all is said and done,
Is resting on the shoulders of
The man behind the gun.

Of course, we know he's not the
Only hero in the crew;
From signal boy to engineer,
There's lots of credit due:
And at their battle stations,
There is work for every one;
But the man who does the business is
The man behind the gun.

With Paul and Hull and Perry,
He has fought his way to fame;
With Porter, Foote, and Farragut,
The story's been the same;
With Sampson, Schley and Dewey,
He has played the game and won.
We have to hand the laurels to
The man behind the gun.

So pass the bottle, shipmates,
And we'll drink a toast to him.
All up! We'll drink it standing!
Fill your glasses to the brim.
To our gallant navy gunners,
Seldom matched, excelled by none!
Drink it down and break your glasses to
The man behind the gun.

NOSTALGIA.

On a bench, beside the drive;
Pleasant autumn day:
In the stream a battleship,
Trim, and grim, and gray:
Sings her song above the throng
Of wheels along the track:
She's a hummin', "*Ain't ye comin'?*
Ain't ye comin' back?"

All in uniform on deck;
Cleaned her up for show:
"Middie," "gob," and "leatherneck"—
Oh, how well I know!
Decks are scrubbed, bright work rubbed,
Paint work white as snow;
Clean as any ladies' watch —
How I'd like to go!

Party's "piped" for "liberty." ¹²
Hear that "bo'sun" blow?
Bugle's called the launch away —
Oh, how well I know!
Happy life; got no wife
To tell 'em yes or no.
"Ain't ye coming? Ain't ye coming?"
How I'd like to go!

Shipmates that I used to have,
Wonder where they are?
Dead, shipped over, settled down,
Scattered wide and far:
"Buck" and "Red," "Boots" and "Ted,"
"Rebel," "Skinny," "Mack."
"Ain't ye comin'? Ain't ye comin'?"
Ain't ye comin' back?"

Somehow I can't make ends meet;
How the dollars go!
Costs an awful lot to live,
Man must struggle so.
A dingy flat, a squalling brat,
A fading woman's kiss;
And I am slaving, scraping, saving,
All day long for this.

THE GHOST OF JONATHAN CARR.

We were steaming away, for Misery Bay —
I was sleeping above, you know.
'Twas a beautiful night, and the breeze was
light;
It was stuffy and hot below.

I had slumbered — well, a considerable
spell—
And was dreaming of “quail on toast,”
When I opened my eyes, and, in dumb sur-
prise,
Looked straight through a nautical ghost.

He was lengthy and lank, and his hair was
dank;
It was tangled with kelp and weed:
He'd a Palestine nose; and his old blue
clothes
Were shabby and going to seed.

He gibbers at me. "I'm a stiff," says he,
"I'm the ghost of Jonathan Carr."
I swabs each eye as I makes reply,
"'Tis nothing to me if you are."

"You are frightened," says he, with a cackle
of glee.

Says I, "You are off your base.

"Do you think that a gob with a modern
knob

"Would be scared by your moth-eaten
face?"

Now his countenance fell, and he sulked for
a spell.

"I'm a ghost," he repeats once more.

Well, I stifles a yawn, and I says, "Yes,
Jawn,

"You have mentioned that fact before."

Then he snivelled and whined, "If you really
don't mind,
"And allow me a while to bide,
"I will tell to you — and it's gospel, too —
"How it chanced that Jonathan died.

"I was swept overboard, while the elements
roared,
"In the rage of a Hatteras gale:
"You can skewer me blinds, but I instantly
finds
"Myself in the guts of a whale.

"For twenty-nine day I lunches my way
"Through the side of the blubbery beast,
"And crawled from the wound, to strangle
and drown
"At the end of the tiresome feast."

Then he waits for a while, with a radiant
smile,
Expecting me something to say.
But I answered him not, for his story was
rot
They tell about decks every day.

So I glowers at him, for my thinking was
grim:
The fellow had broken my rest.
But I kept a still tongue, for my glance had
swung
To a medal upon his breast.

So I asked, "Will you have the courtesy to
"Explain where you got that tin?"
He swelled with pride, and his mouth gaped
wide,
In a happy, if hideous, grin.

"It was given to me, back in 1803,
"And I earned it, believe me, Pete.
" 'Tis the capital prize for the telling of lies
"In all the Amercan fleet."

Well, I smiled aloud, for our fo'castle crowd
Could shoot 'em right over his head:
When it chanced that I saw, with a droop to
his jaw,
He stared at the guns overhead.

"What are they," he wails, "and where are
your sails?
"I thought that this thing was a ship."
And I answers him, "Carr, it certainly are;
"What's wrong, have you gone off your
dip?"

I told to the shad the range that they had,
That the vessel was made of steel:
That we'd never abide for the wind or tide;
How steam drove our powerful keel:

Of the different guns, and the number of
tons
In a single shower of shells:
Of the aeroplane, and the war with Spain;
Of the submarine craft I tells:

And the messages, too, that unerringly flew
Through measureless miles of space;
Then I rubbed at him — and smother my
glim —
He was weeping all over his face.

He blubbers, "My lad, this is all that I had
"To cheer me with David P. Jones;
"But I'll hand it to you, e're I bid you adieu,
"And go back to my barnacled bones."

You can color me pink, but before you could
wink,
That medal he plucks from his chest:
May my hide become blue, if this isn't true,
He pins the thing fast to my breast.

When this he had done, why, the son-of-a-
gun
Disappeared and was gone forsooth.
He'd given me his prize for the telling of lies
When I'd honestly told him the truth.

Stragglers

LINES TO M. A. B.

Follow me, you of the aching heart,
And eyes of the wounded doe,
Into the shadowy wonderland,
Where singers and dreamers go:
Come over the waters of river Lieth —
Ah, let me be your guide!
You only exist on the planet earth;
We live on the other side.

Ours is a country wondrous fair,
The country wherein we dwell;
No artist can picture its dear delights,
No singer its glories tell:
Bluest and brightest of azure skies,
Coolest and clearest of streams:
Follow me, you of the aching heart,
To the beautiful land of dreams.

I will sing you its sweetest songs,
Teach you its dear delights;
We will tread the aisles of its cool green
woods
In glory of moonlit nights;
Or idly float on its silver lakes,
In the warm sun's golden beams;
Follow me, you of the wistful eyes,
To the beautiful land of dreams.

You will not want for company,
In this land of roses rare;
The mightiest minds of the ages,
Will be your companions there.
The heroes, the martyrs, the sages,
From out of the storied past,
Will welcome you as a sister,
And your heartache cease at last.

Follow me, you of the aching heart,
And eyes of the wounded doe,
Into the shadowy wonderland,
Where singers and dreamers go.
Come over the waters of river Lieth —
Ah, let me be your guide!
You only exist on the planet earth;
We live on the other side.

THE GIFT OF JOVE.

Wamba, the ape man, savage, nude,
Lived with his mate and his squalling brood,
Far up in a cave on the mountain's face,
'Mid odorous offal of many a chase.

Round through the forest, about his lair,
Ranged caribou, buffalo, deer, and bear,
Packs of the wolf folk hunting streamed,
At night, in the thickets, the panthers
screamed.

Wamba, the ape man, savage, nude,
Hunted these creatures with weapons rude,
And dragged them home for his brats to
gnaw
The flesh from the bones, unsalted, raw.

Black was his cave, in the dark of moon,
Cold was his cave, in the winter's noon;
Though made by his mate were wraps of skin
To swaddle her lord and their offsprings in.

As Wamba, the ape man, ranged one day,
The side of the mountain, in search of prey,
A storm swooped down on the mountain side,
And Wamba, the ape man, sought to hide:

Under a dead tree, tinder dry,
He refuge sought from streaming sky;
And cowered and whimpered, at thunder's
 crash,
The storm wind's howl and the lightning's
 flash:

When suddenly out of a lowering cloud,
With blistering glare and crackling loud,
A fire-bolt shot from the hand of Jove,
The shelter of Wamba smote and rove.

Wamba, the ape man, crazed with fright,
Took to his heels in headlong flight;
Thinking of naught but his hide to save,
Scampered away to his friendly cave.

But after the heavens had ceased to roar,
With the warm bright sunlight back once
more,
Wamba began to his anxious mate
The tale of the miracle to relate.

She listened, in awe, while the tale was told;
Then jabbered and shrilled with a purpose
bold;
Namely, to visit the stricken tree —
Plain, feminine curiosity.

Wamba, the ape man, savage, nude,
Followed by mate and squalling brood,
Went back up the mountain side to see
What really had happened the stricken tree.

And Lo! where its column had stood so high,
With branches beckoning unto the sky,
Was a litter of ashes flaky white,
Spotted with glittering points of light.

The group stood gazing in dumb surprise,
With mouths aslaver and staring eyes,
Till one of them, bolder than all the rest,
An ember plucked from its downy nest.

With yelping of anger, fear, and pain,
The burned one fled for the cave again;
The others, though startled and sore dismayed,
Just huddled together and staring stayed.

Then Wamba, with caution and stick of
wood,
Poked at the embers, and poking, stood
Till the stick he handled black became,
Then sputtered and burst into yellow flame.

Conscious of heartening heat and light,
He chattered with joy at the friendly sight;
And dimly felt in his poor brute mind,
The blessing untold to his brutish kind.

Thereafter on blustering winter's night,
Was the cave of the ape folk warm and
bright;
For red on the walls of their dwelling shone
The God-sent light of the first hearth stone.

A QUESTION.

Comrade, where have I met you?
For oft in my mind there gleam,
Strange visions of I know not what,
Like memories of a dream.

Quickly they come, then vanish,
Half forming ere they fade;
And grope I blindly after them,
Uneasy, half afraid.

I have vague shadow knowledge,
Of forgotten summer's nights;
Of music, laughter, women, wine,
Pale ghosts of dead delights.

Sometimes, there are ugly glimpses
Of carnage and fields of gore;
And your face is there in the battle,
Now, where have we met before?

I sometimes think we were Romans,
Patricians, debonair, gay,
Treading in silence of sandals,
The stones of the Sabine way.

About us, the stately temples
Were glistening ghostly white;
And the stars were jeweled bosses,
On the buckler of the night.

The odor of countless roses,
Filled the sweet Italian air,
And fireflies danced around us —
Say, comrade, was it there?

Again, I think 'twas Egypt,
The land of the mystic Nile;
And we were Egyptian students,
Bedecked in the classic stylé,

That was worn in Thebes and Cairo,
When this gay old earth was young;
Speaking the liquid accents of
A mystic, perished tongue.

We strolled by a world-old river,
Under a cloudless sky;
Dreaming strange dreams, as still we do.
Did we meet there, you and I?

Perhaps we were Grecian warriors,
Who rode in the wooden steed;
Unlocking the gates at midnight,
With caution and breathless speed;

Then, yelling aloud in triumph,
And thrilled with a savage joy,
We glutted our blades with slaughter,
In the sack of ancient Troy.

Mayhap 'twas Atlantis, Carthage,
That we knew in days of yore;
But somehow, somewhere, sometime,
I know we have met before.

SONG OF THE GUTTERS.

Wretchedly tramping the weary streets,
Many a muddy mile;
'Decked in our pitiful finery,
Smiling our painted smile;
Nothing of woman in us remains,
Only the empty shell:
Things of contempt to our customers,
Who purchase the goods we sell.

Poor little doves that are soiled and stained!

Coo, Coo, Coo!

Poor little loves that were crushed and
maimed!

Coo, Coo, Coo!

Victims, we, of the tempter's spell;

Poor little sweethearts that loved too well:

The lost, and the damned, and the gone to
hell.

Coo, Coo, Coo!

Hopelessly plying our ancient trade,

Merchants of womanhood;

Charming, most charming, the wares displayed;

Buy, and you find them good.

Saint, or satyr, or drunken beast;

Our choosing is hardly nice:

'Tis little we care for your character,

If only you have the price.

Pigeons for sale! Who wants to buy?
Coo, Coo, Coo!
Our pinions are broken, we cannot fly!
Coo, Coo, Coo!
We'll sell you our souls — and we cannot
cheat —
For a rag to wear and a crust to eat;
And God still sits in the Judgment Seat!
Coo, Coo, Coo!

Ah, dear little sister, watch your path,
A slip means a fatal fall!
The world gives wine to the man who sins,
The woman must drink the gall.
Aye, take you heed to the path you tread;
Beware of the knowledge tree;
For only a moment of stolen bliss,
And you become such as we.

Stop your ears when you hear us cry,
Coo, Coo, Coo!
Look to the pavement; hurry by.
Coo, Coo, Coo!
We might pollute you, don't you see?
We are the dregs of society.
Poor little doves in the gutter we!
Coo, Coo, Coo!

NOTES.

¹ **LEATHERNECKS**—A name applied to the men of the marine corps. Their former full dress coat had a leather strap between the collar and the throat. The garment in question has been abolished.

¹ **DOUGHBOYS**—In the army, applied to the men in the infantry arm only, though often used by laymen as a general term for soldiers.

¹ **GOBS**—Bluejackets. A corruption of the word garb.

² **MANELL**—A contraction of Manila.

³ **ROOKIES**—A corruption of the word recruits.

⁴ **HIKE**—A march.

³ **TUBA and VINO**—Two liquors of native manufacture. Good for a white man to leave alone.

⁶ **BUNKIE**—A chum or bunkmate.

⁷ **REPORTED TO THE DECK**—It is customary in the navy for a man to report to the officer of the deck that his time has expired.

⁸ **GADGETS**—A general term applied to anything.

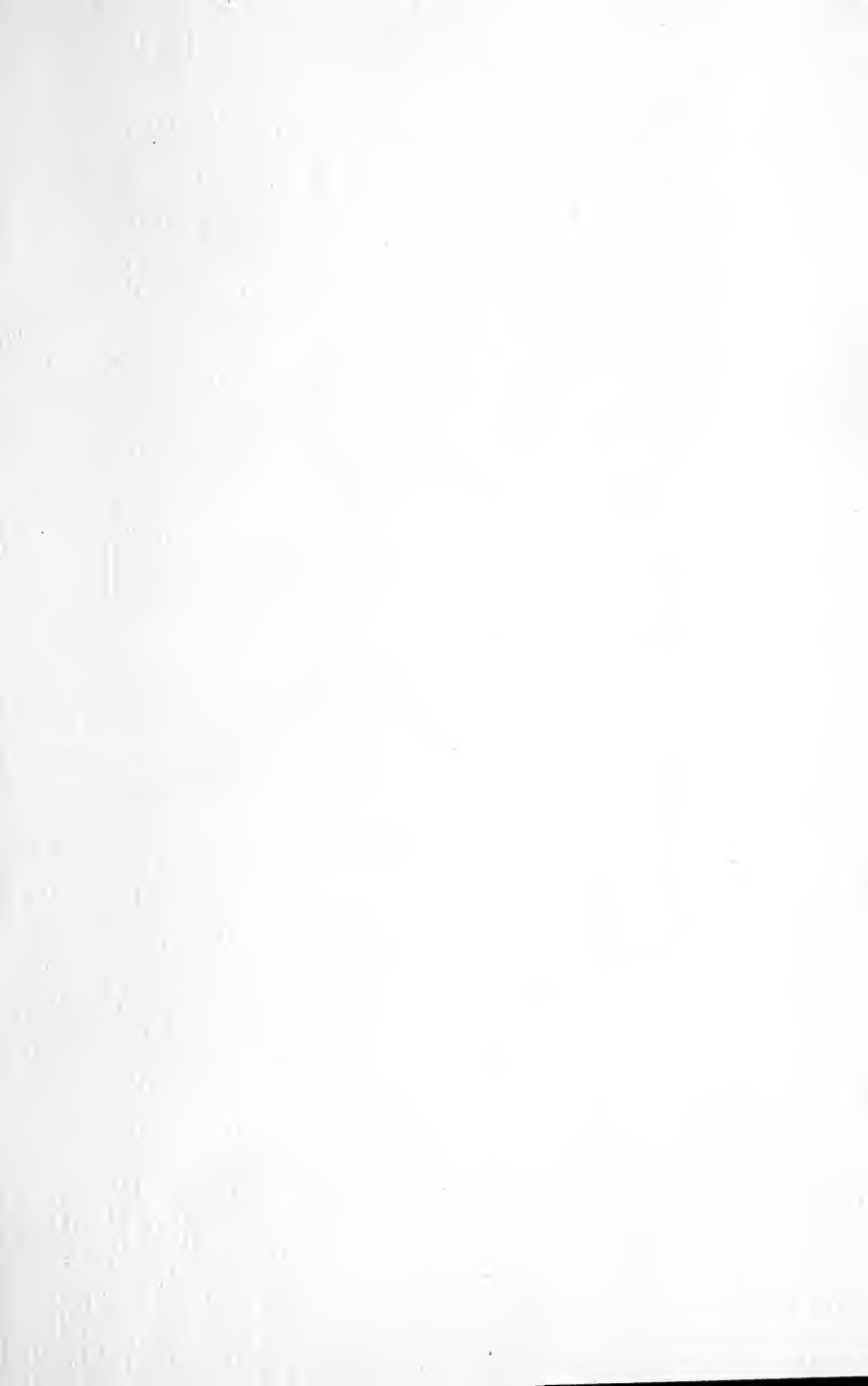
⁹ **SEVENTY-TWO**—A liberty extending for a period of seventy-two hours.

¹⁰ **CAKE AND WINE**—That is, sponge cake and wine. A term applied to punishment fare in the brig; *i. e.*, bread and water.

¹¹ **FIRST LUFF**—The executive officer of a ship.

¹¹ **NAVIGATOR**—Navigating officer.

¹² **PARTY'S PIPED**—The boatswain on watch blows a small silver pipe or whistle and calls off the orders. In this case the order is: "Lay aft the liberty party."



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